

phreak-
zine.

WHAT.

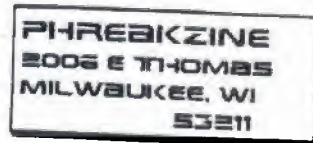
WELCOME TO ISSUE 7.4

I know I know... so... ed... sad that issue 6.3 was my last and here is issue 7.4. I got a bunch of positive feedback and I want to thank everyone for taking the time to write me. Seriously, really really appreciate it. Anyway, here we are... good by 97 and here's 98. See the cool picture of the guy dancing? Well that's my new years resolution. Dance more and stress less.

Anyway, Write me, or send me cool things in the mail.

Thanks goes out to:

Madison
Andrew A
Andrew B
Eone
Zach & P.M.
Sister DJ's
Mic
Sara
Paul
James



And MASSIVE MASSIVE shouts out to all those people producing zines like prom, oops, sdc, comecous, and where

which style is Sexiest?!

"How Sexy Are Your Sounds" -by Sara Finlayson:

Music Style-HOUSE

Audience: Platinum American Express cocaine crowd.
Attire: Sophisticated gals in tight-fitting black lycra and open-shirted fellows sporting gold medallions. Also big among the gay community where shirts are usually off.
Motions: Bumping and grinding. Always sweaty.
Sex Status: Everyone likes to "do it" here. A veritable meat market.
Get Laid?: 10 outta 10

Music Style-JUNGLE/D&B

Audience: Fed-up ex-ravers and hyperactive Hip-Hop heads. Relatively young, more popular with girls than most forms of electronic music.
Attire: Hip-Hop meets rave goes for a skate and then joins the Army.
Motions: Flipper-like motions of the hands with a few moves collected from watching Beat Street. Circle dancer meets MC Hammer.
Sex Status: Jungle, like other forms of bass-heavy music, is very sexy.
Get Laid?: 6 outta 10

Music Style-TECHNO

Audience: Dudes who've been in the rave scene way too long.
Attire: What I came in.
Motions: Leaning against the wall discussing why Techno is superior to every other form of music on the planet.
Sex Status: Too busy talking about Techno to notice.
Get Laid?: 3 outta 10

Music Style-HARDCORE/GABBER

Audience: Tweaked out teens. Predominantly frustrated males. Also popular with serial killers.
Attire: Multiple piercings, wife-beater shirts, baggy trousers, and short hair.
Motions: Vigorous jumping up and down, pogo'ing, and speaker fucking.
Sex Status: Stuck midway through adolescent masturbatory phase. Anxious and feverish dance style suggests an urgent need to get laid.
Get Laid?: 0 outta 10 (only a mother could love these guys)

Music Style-GOA/PSYCH TRANCE

Audience: Crusties and anti-establishment trust fund babies
Attire: Matted dreadlocks, tie dye, and sandals remain popular. A faint whiff of Nag Champa is usually evident.
Motions: Hippie dance style reminiscent of '60s exploitation movies. Crazy arms motions and rubbery legs usually point to excessive LSD intake.
Sex Status: Attractive to each other. Hose down before use.
Get Laid?: Depends on the phase of the Moon.

Music Style-PROGRESSIVE HOUSE/TRANCE

Audience: University students and candy ravers.
Attire: 'E' friendly apparel, including fluffy backpacks, glitter, pacifiers, and anything resembling a Dr.Suess character.
Motions: Hands in the air. Eyes rolling back. Occasionally slumped against the wall.
Sex Status: No thanks...we're in it for the music. Hugs welcome.
Get Laid?: Males: 2 outta 10 (too busy trainspotting), Females: 6 outta 10 (they look great...to dirty old men)

Jungle Ambient

House RIP Hop

Ninjabl

Detroit

Trance

Tech Stepper

GOA

Hardcore

DnB

Techno

Acid

DUB

Breaks

Either
WAY
IT'S
ALL
GOOD
Music



A Flaw there, is that a crack in the cosmic egg?
oh baby, I think I can feel it in the TROBE. Hatch.

Something is coming. I can feel it.
Deep inside myself. Nighttime is our time. The brighter the light the darker the shadow, remember

Q Who you are? I do. Universal love is
Q Key. We are one and one are we. Do
M you feel touched? Can you hear what I
- hear, do you see? My hand points, don't
I look at my hand, but where it points.
J Warmth focus love. Total now. Who
Q are you? THINK. We all have our purpose
Q Our role. Our future depends on you
N Think, what are you. It's not so much you
Q get answers to your questions, but that
Q you ask the right questions and that's the
H PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION.

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I have been sitting here for 30 minutes trying to start this little opinion article and every time I try I just end up erasing it and not liking where it's going so I am just going to be blunt and spew out what's on my mind.

People stealing.

What's up with that? We all know someone if not ourselves who have gotten things ripped off. I am sick of going into places that I like to go to. Especially small businesses only to find out that they got ripped off by someone. I am tired of hearing about my friends getting stuff ripped off.

Here are the facts. Part of our scene is music. Most of this music is distributed via records. Most of us like the scene/or the music or we wouldn't invest our time and money into it. Now say someone decides to become a DJ. They are doing something they love, they are investing time and money into it. The records they buy are irreplaceable and hold value to the DJ, the producer and whomever likes that record. Now when people steal records that's completely wack. There are numerous accounts of DJs getting their records stolen at parties, from their homes, and even people stealing records from small independently owned record stores.

When is it going to stop? When are people going to realize that by stealing from the above mentioned they are only hurting the scene. When you steal a DJ's records you take away something they cherish and have an investment in, you are helping to shut down the music. When you steal from a business you are only helping to shut it down and close it. When you steal a cord here or an adapter there you are hurting yourself and a scene that you are a part of.

People who are not a part of this scene don't care about these things. Why would someone who hates techno music, doesn't own a record player and has no interest in it want to steal someone's records? Why would they go to a party or someone's house to do so? Logically, they wouldn't. Which means that we are our own demise from the inside out.

We need to start respecting others' property and investments. There is a lack of respect from people around me and I am really quite sick of it. This isn't meant to be a lecture or anything like that, I am just getting this off my chest because as I said I am irritated by this. I don't know the motives behind people stealing.. some say it's drugs, some say lack of funds, the reasons why don't matter. It's completely wrong as disrespectful. There is enough disrespect and scandal in the world around us.. I wish we didn't have to perpetuate it.

Because at least when you're really fucked up,

Someone asked me the other night why I danced. And this got me thinking...

as part of finals week, as part of the end of an intensely turbulent semester, I got to take a real close look at history, at what I think makes us human through the ages.

deep looks into the fragmented world.

because it is fragmented, because on the surface it can look fine. Because we are not all one, because we are not all part of everything in any meaningful way, not in a way that makes human consciousness anything special.

Religion and Wine's way to Understanding is the same to me -- to be.

But this is not enough for me. I need worm definition, I need the red afterglow of my childhood to mean something -- anything. I cannot accept the conclusion that I come to -- that we are ultimately and completely alone in the universe; like viruses, merely searching out what is best for itself. Perpetuating the race out of genetics. Even human kindness is biological in my world, even love is out of necessity.

"I met so many people last night, but I don't remember any of their names!"

Fuck. If they wouldn't mind, I'd like to go back a few thousand years and live in a Mayan temple. Prism sun and stone chairs with phosphorous holes preserved at least in legend. But what is myth or legend if it is only how our virus interacted with itself? What is death but a biological and chemical end?

All the same. Summer afternoons' half-witted ecstasy. Heroin's slow dreams. Winter's bitter gray cold. Orgasm. Driving a car. The scent of orange peels and slow burning cloves in my friend's apartment. Talking on the shore of Lake Superior under the spring moon. Serving prison time for a crime you didn't commit. Lying around in a house with two dozen kids on Sunday at 10am now quiet from last night's marathon of music, drugs, love -- touched the spirit of the earth rock-star style saying I'll make it count I'll make it count this time -- and lying in a pile on the soft floor under cracks of earthy sunlight in the slow morning.

And none of it counts. It's all moments. They're gone once they become memory. A friend of mine says that once our youth is gone that the memories of these moments are all we will have. I don't want to agree with her but I know what she means by 'these moments'.

Our house music is Crown Royal. Yeah. Vodka, Love, Unity, Respect.

Because at least when you're really fucked up you don't know any better.

Because when voices start sounding like someone's pouring thick applesauce over your ears, you no longer care.

And for a while, that's exactly what I wanted to do.

But I turned on the radio, I turned on the TV. I watched MTV. I watched three straight 'electronic' videos. I watched CNN. I listened to the subconscious whispers of America telling us to be corporate, to be capitalist, to be selfish, to despise the world for thinking differently than us, to despise ourselves for thinking differently than we are supposed to. To drown our own voices away when we begin to think differently than we are supposed to.

I realized something tonight. Something that was suddenly enough for me. That we laugh and the animals do not. That we dance and the animals do not.

I am not certain whether we laugh enough in America.

I'm sure we do not dance enough.

How is it viewed to attend 'all-night dance parties, called 'raves''? Dangerous. Damn straight it's dangerous. Dangerous to every inch of corporate ideology in this country, dangerous to every piece of popular culture. Because, dammit, you are not to participate, you are not to create. This is not the proper way of things. The proper way of things is to consume, is to be 'entertained'.

But if you dance, well, dance is art, dance is the process of creation, is the process of participation and redefinition. The music does not give the music meaning, the dancers give the music meaning.

To dance is the most un-American thing, most anti-consumerist activity most of us will ever have the opportunity to do, so do it gladly. Every time any of us choose to create rather than to consume, we help to destroy what has made this culture so despicable. I'm not sure there's any other choice.

[the opinions expressed above are not necessarily the answer, merely my best guess as to what it would look like if I actually knew]

Andrew Arnold



Because at least when you're really

somebody means for s.o.s.
Scope my virgin spirits baybee
I know. I grow. I flow.
Goes to show, that,
me, myself, and my cousin I...
have it
never lost it
just didn't know it
twas the chapped swank pursuer of a dot in the
soundwave
teeter tottering into the brain of another...
brother sister
whatever, doesn't matter
can never shatter my piece of cocoa frosted mind
oh please unwind
straddle
stretch, and flex...all
little girl blondey
do u really have more fun?
if so pour me some of that lucky sun...
shine shining my outer sheel
can't you tell?
I need it
Flutter flutter miss butter
fly
dismiss that teary eye
but might I question why,
in the first place, do you sigh
with plans to...
s.o.b.(sob), yes he was one
two and two have joined palms as the crystal comes
into focus
"Money Bags" I award him.
snatching the gold and silver of your persona.
an irreplaceable value and "devil" would envy and desire
LIAR LIAR
just set him up over a fire
I like my villians charbroiled
Oh Cap'n Crunch
time to munch the berries you suddenly provide
take it all in stride
listen to your mind and hear her roar,
growl, and snarl
but never nip or scratch

PHREAKZINE TOP 10

The third weekend in Oct. I went to two parties after printing up issue 6.3 to distribute them; Zen Lunatics and Synonymous. Usually I will stick a small stack of copies on a table for people to pick up and then keep a handful to give to people. I was walking around both parties just asking people if they read zines. These are the TOP 10 answers that I received to the simple question..

Would you like a phreakzine?

10. Oh yeah cool thanks.
9. I don't think I have ever had one before
8. Zines? Like a magazine?
7. What? I don't understand.
6. How much does it cost?
5. Oh when is this? Where is this at?
4. What does it do?
3. Will it fuck me up really bad?
2. What's all this stuff inside?
1. uumm no thanks, I am straight.

Because at least when you're really serious...

There was this kid named Paul.
he was just an ordinary guy.
until he picked up a hobby.
he thought he could fly

Now he had tried a plane once
It was incredibly bunk
The food was just horrible.
the pilot flew like a drunk
So he said to himself one day.
"upshit. do something you can afford."
So he cruised to a store
and picked up a kick ass snowboard

Well, the going was rough.
It was trying indeed
The hill tried to kill him
a butt pad was what was really in need
But soon he was hauling and carvin'
down the hill mile after mile
The guys were impressed.
the chicks thought he had style

But up ahead was the big one
this jump was frickin large
Paul hit it full speed
and smacked the ground like a barge

The truth though tough to except
Paul knows he's rather shitty
Cuz after he hits the jumps
His body alignment sure ain't pretty

His legs, they got that way
his arms, who only knows
"What the hells was I thinking"
is how the reaction goes

So the lesson here is simple
not hard to understand
While your flying through the air
Please, for Gods sake, and yours.
REMEMBER TO LAND!

Zines
Zines
Zines

I love zines. If i didn't i wouldn't
make one. Here are 3 other local
Zines which i recommend supporting

1. **WHORE**: A Jesusali production from
Mad. Lovely publication.
email at jesusali@hotmail.com

2. **SPOJ**: can't say enough about this
hilarious publication/comic
from James. This Kicks a Riot
contact him at 4372 N Marlborough
Shorewood, WI
53211

3. **PROM**: the premiere issue from
Pixi - Random and fun. One
to watch for in the future.
contact her at Pixi

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MILWAUKEE, WI
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P.S. THANKS MELHAN at office Depot!
? AARON for the COVER.

60 free
copy copies

Because at least when you're really serious...

ZuZu's HOUSE OF PHREAKS

ZuZu has returned and will now expound some of his knowledge by making some predictions for the new year

1998 will be a mish mash of techno styles. It'll become more mainstream, and brought into every day life, such as ads, and song slike Fatboy Slims's current tune. As long as it's not parallel to the technological musical evolution. Maybe some computer evolutions too. But no musical revolutions. maybe some musical de-evolutions (Spice Girls)

I think everyone ought to listen to Milli Vanilli's first cd every now and then just to realize what crap some pop music is.

Society ought to wake up and smell itself every now and then. it's good to bathe and get rid of the stink.

And if you ever question anything just ask yourself, What would Brian Boitano do in this situation?

ZuZu.

